A new Song of a Young mans opinion, of the difference betweene good and bad Women.

To a pleasant new tune,

Shall I wexe ling in dispaire,
Dye because a womans faire,
Shall my cheekes looke pale with care,
Cause another's rose are:
Be she fairer then the day,
Or the flowry meads in May:
If she thinke not well of me,
What care I how faire she be.

Shall my foolish heart be pinde
Because I see a Woman kinde,
Or a well disposed nature,
Joyned with a comely feature,
Be she meeker kinder then,
The Turtle Done or pellican:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how kind she be.

Shall a womans goodnesse move,
Me to perish for her love,
Or her worthy merites knowne,
That me quite forget mine owne,
Be she with that goodnesse blest,
As may merit name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be,

Be she good or kinde or faire,
I will never more dispaire,
If she love me this bring me,
I will dye ere she shall grieve me,
If she slight me when I woe,
I will scorne and let her goe.
If she be not for me,
What care I how faire she be.

Shall a Woman sweet of speech
Make my foolish heart retire
Or the pleasures of her tongue
Be the meanes to doe me wrong
If she had the sweetes of Nature,
Above the pitch of woman kinde,
If she be not for me,
What care I how sweet she be.

Shall a Woman proude in show
Draw amazement from my eyes,
Adoring that from such a Creature
Wisdome that should come by nature
And comprehend the best of things
That from the well of wisdome springs:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how wise she be.

Shall Cupid set my heart on fire,
To see a womans cheek desire,
And no fond perswasions move,
A change unto her mayden love,
With purity of vertue grac't,
To make her more in living chast:
Yea if she be not such to me,
What care I how chast she be.

Shall all the sweetes that doe belong
Unto a beauty faire and young,
Upon a womans fayre red shine,
To make a Creature most divine,
When on her cheeks the rosefull bloome,
In prime of May begins to bud,
Yet if she not such to me,
What care I how young she be.

When if she be young or chast,
Or with the best of Women plact,
And of my love will not thinke strange
To life shall be ere I will change:
But if regardles I her finde.
Farewell false love ile change my mind
Then is she not for me,
As I desire my love should be.

FINIS.

The second part of the Yonng mans Opinion.

To the same tune

Shall I eeſſ affection bolone,
Becauſe I ſee a Woman bzolue:
Shall braueries changing brittle fute,
Or loathing ſpeech out fancies ſute.
Be ſhe bzowne or blacke or ſoule'
Or fronted like a bzoad eyd Owle,
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how foule ſhe be.

Shall my heart with ſozrow burſt,
Becauſe I ſee a Woman curſt:
Or ſhall I grieue when I behold,
The picture of a perfect ſcold:
Be her tongue ſo truely euill,
That well might fire the very Deuill:
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how curſt ſhe be.

Shall a Womans badnes make,
Me leaue true louing for her ſake,
Yet meete a Woman of her will,
Her ſhall of good to wexſe then ill,
Beſt or woꝛſt what ere befall,
Bad is good wheres none at all.
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how bad ſhe be.

Shall I of my life be weary,
To ſee a ſmiliſh woman merry,
Or ſhall I thinke my ſelfe vnfit,
To ſpeake to one that hath no wit,

This Maxem oft hath paſt in Scholes
Dut greateſt plagues are wont ſooles
Yet if they be not ſuch to me,
What care I what fooles they be.

Shall a Womans pzoud attyze,
Inueagle me with fond deſire:
Or ſhall his ſtrange deuiſed ſhape,
Transſoꝛme me to a wondzing Ape.
Be ſhe of the pzoudeſt faſhion
On euery limbe a ſeuerall nation.
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how proud ſhe be.

Shall a Womans tempting ſmile,
Accuſe hez to a Cockatrile:
Or ſhall I truſt a wantons eyne,
That moſt reſembles when ſhe cryes,
Be Women made of curſt boyſ,
To dzaw vs men to want on toyſ,
Yet if they be not ſuch to me,
What care I how ill they be.

Shall a Woman that is olde,
Freeze my fancy vp with colde,
Shall olde deſires with pleaſures met,
Within a coffin and a ſheet:
Shall doting age on beauty gaze,
When youth hath ſpent her bzighteſt blaze
Yet if ſhe dote not thus on me,
What care I how olde ſhe be.

Shall Women all affecting features,
Make me iudge the Angell Creatures
Shall I thinke the come from heauen
To be an earthly bleſſing giuen,
Be good or bad or what you pleaſe,
The leſſe we need them moſt at eaſe.
Be what they will if not to me,
I care not then what Women be.

FINIS.

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